

[**a man \(who loves me\) by pally \(palliris\)**](#)

Series: [do you feel it? \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve and Billy have a thing. Only sometimes, though.

a man (who loves me)

Author's Note:

LMAO THNX TO ALL THE PPL POSTING FICS FOR THIS, i didnt even ship it until i saw it was The Up And Coming Trendy Thing

like st2 was literally just set up for the threesomes. all the threesomes. and what do i get. nothing interesting. thnx guys. (im slowly abandoning the steve/jonathan/nancy pairing for this monstrosity, god fucking rest in peace pallys soul)

might write more, who knows

Steve wishes he had thicker skin. Wishes he could really, truly just not care.

But life is funny like that. It doesn't give you what you want; not even an inch. Steve's learned this the hard way, through split knuckles and bloody noses. Through too much hair products and too loose leather jackets. Through words and phrases and not enough silence.

Through the look he sees Nancy give Jonathan Byers, of all people. Though he ought to give some credit where it's due, though, because he's caught himself doing the same thing. To both of them.

Sometimes Steve wishes he was weak enough to go out and take what he wanted, but other times he's too scared to be strong. Being strong is about letting go, and Steve knows he's still clutching on by the threads. If not with his hands, then by digging his feet in.

He's a parasite in this town, and he doesn't know what to do with himself. He'll have to leave it eventually, and the thought of something new fills him with a subtle sense of fear. Nothing like he's experienced in the face of otherworldly monsters and the fists of a boy just like him, but something much more deep and acutely intense.

“Got somethin’ on your mind, Harrington?”

Steve glances over to his left, casually and without haste. His body feels warm and stretched out, hair disheveled and thrown this way and that.

“Not really,” he answers, even though he knows he doesn’t have to.

But being able to display himself like this is comforting, in a way. Especially since it’s in a different way than the one he and Billy usually use.

Their typical interactions are consumed by barbed words and closed fists, but there are some specials instances when they can just *be*. He supposes that it’s relaxing for both of them to have some sort of reprieve, where Steve can just be a stupid teenager, one without the nightmares and the silent questions and the *pining*.

With Billy, it’s less about being just a stupid teen, and more about being *Billy*.

Steve knows Billy’s got some fucked up shit going on at home, and doesn’t blame him for being a bit messed up over it. There’s a certain point where you break, just a little bit, and Steve figures that he’s the picking up the fallout.

Memories of earlier that night filter in through his mind; images of Billy’s legs wrapped around his waist and the feeling of the other boy’s insides wrapped around him, fitting like a glove. Picking up more than just fallout, more like.

He’s brought out of his mind when he feels a touch at the center of his bare back. The covers from Steve’s bed slide back down his side as Billy’s coarse fingers trail down the line of his skin.

When he reaches the curve of Steve’s ass, he stops there. Rubs a circle into it, before trailing back up again.

“Got the bod of a doll, babe,” Billy says, crowding against Steve’s back and wrapping his beefy arm across his torso. Steve thinks he likes holding his partner during sex just as much as he enjoys being held himself afterwards.

It was never like this, with girls. He could never really just relax into the softer touch of a woman, not even with Nancy. After the first round of disastrous events Nancy had toughened up, gained a strength to her arms, but she still felt soft in an unsure way.

(The bulk of her arms and the jut of her chin had perked up and flourished under Steve's touch, but only because she had been looking at Jonathan. The thought of them makes him uncomfortably warm in amazing and terrible ways; ways that he can't quite really describe just yet.)

Billy is warm and impossibly hard against his back, tongue against his neck. Steve thinks that maybe Billy needs this just as much as he does. Turning around, Steve really connects their eyes.

He doesn't want to be the first one to look away, so it becomes a dumb staring contest. Billy keeps his hand on Steve's waist, but Steve brings his fingers to dance lightly over his companion's bicep.

Ha! Companion alright, Steve thinks, but it's not really that funny. A bit frightening, actually. Steve really doesn't want to think about what this thing between them means.

But he does, because he's extra self-damning like that. Steve thinks about how Billy's eyes are just that right shade of greyish-blue that looks like the mellowest river and the calmest sky, and contain every emotion inside of his heart when he holds back tears. Thinks about how Billy sometimes quivers when he touches him, like he's afraid Steve might hurt him for what they've done. Are doing. Whatever.

(Really, truly digs it in deep when he thinks about how beautiful Billy's smile is; not the fake smirk but the *real* one, small and a wisp of a thing, but so fucking blindingly bright in its sincerity.)

Yeah, he really has a track record for fucking himself over with his overthinking.

Their staring contest ends when a particularly loud jump of lightning crackles outside, and Steve looks out of reflex. Billy smothers a small laugh against Steve's chest, so he just brings his hands up to play with the blonde hair. Winding it around his fingers and stretching it

out, Steve moves upwards until he can drag his blunt fingernails across Billy's scalp lightly.

The hair doesn't feel too bad; hasn't really ever been that terrible since they had started all of this and Steve had gotten tired of feeling the crinkly mess. He had pulled Billy to his house and showered with him, showed him the touch of grace to his body, his lips, his hair. Compassion for the parts that matter.

Billy just remains there, probably getting a front row seat to the tireless pace of his rapidly beating heart. Steve catches himself wishing that he could just stay like that until morning, but then he realizes *oh* because he *can*.

"My parents'll be gone the whole weekend," Steve murmurs, but there's a slight tremble in his voice he can't quite hide, though he sorely wishes he could. Billy has never stayed the full night, and Steve's never offered, so. Yeah. Steve's a bit scared.

"Oh yeah?" Billy whispers into his skin, and Steve shivers with a sweeping force. The other teen's lips just feel so real and full on his body, like a cancerous ache that just won't leave. "You makin' breakfast, babe?"

"M a shit cook," he just replies, closing his eyes at the endearment. It's too gentle. He hates it. He loves it. "We got pancake mix, though. If you aren't feeling too picky for once."

"I'll have you know I'm not *picky*, just with decent standards. Unlike some people, I like my meals cooked to, well," and here Billy bites down on the curve of Steve's breast, then licks the spot afterwards, "*perfection*."

Something inside of Steve's stomach flip-flops and he thinks that maybe it looks a bit like a monster he once fought, tough and slimy and supposedly dead, but another part, smaller and weaker, says that it's his heart.

It's stupid; *Steve's* stupid. Stupid for liking this. Stupid for thinking this terrible coupling was better than the fluttery feeling in his stomach when he looked at two people he thought he was in love

with. Stupid for thinking that maybe, for once, something in Steve's life might work properly.

(There was nothing proper about this. Not the sex, not the feelings, and definitely not Steve.)

Maybe Billy's just using him, but he's also using Billy. But is that so wrong? They're both too weak to handle the real world, but find solace in each other behind closed doors. It won't be enough in the future, but it damn well is right now.

Steve thinks a lot of things. He thinks about the way the town hasn't really recovered from the deaths. Thinks about the little looks Jonathan still gives Nancy, like she might just disappear at any moment, just like his little brother did, even when he was there. Thinks about the time that he spends babysitting kids in middle school, and the fact that he actually enjoys it. Thoroughly.

(Thinks about stalk-still images of beasts with sharp teeth and black bodies, and the feeling of fright, of loneliness, of the reality that *you're about to die just run run run and never look back-*)

Steve thinks about the moments like this, where Billy's slowly falling asleep on Steve's chest, and it feels just a little bit like affection. Like home.

Like love.